

Chapter 23 Don't **Dine With Him**

Frankie took out a golden business card and said, "This is Mr. Wolseley."

Gerardo looked at the business card and slumped to the ground after a bang.

The Wolseley Group was the lord of New York, and nobody dared to mess with them.

"I... I'm sorry. I must be blind. How could I fail to recognize you? Please forgive me. Please show me some

mercy,"

Tim, who was lying on the ground, groaned, "Dad, what are you doing? You embarrassed me..."

Clap!

Gerardo turned around and slapped his son.

"Shut up!"

This idiot still doesn't know who he messed with! Gerardo thought.

Gerardo ignored Tim's wailing and bowed. "May I ask what my son did? I would love to apologize and make

compensation for his mistake.

Lance snuffed his cigarette in his hand, stood up, and said indifferently, "I don't need your apology. Given what he did today, I don't think he needs his hand."

His voice **was** cold and flat as if he were talking about the weather today.

Frankie responded, "Got it, Mr. Wolseley."

Gerardo racked his brain to think, *today?*

Tim made only one mistake today. He made a bet with his friends, robbed a bag, and hurt a girl in her early

twenties.

Instantly, Gerardo figured out the whole story. His back was drenched when Gerardo said in a trembling voice, “Mr. Wolseley, we didn’t **know** that you were acquainted with that girl. If I did, I would let Tim stay in prison

forever. Please show us some mercy. I have only one son. How can he live if he loses one hand...”

Lance arrived at the doorway. With a cold sneer, he tilted his head and squinted at Gerardo, “Mr. Hacker,

others will discipline your son for you if you don’t.”

Then, Lance left.

There came Tim’s miserable scream. Tim fainted when his scream faded away.

This was Serenity Villa.

When Yvette woke up, it was dark outside.

Yvette was alone in the room and felt lonely.

Yvette remembered that Lance had hung **up** her phone this afternoon. Yvette thought, *Lance should have*

gone to see Yazmin.

She felt sad, but the sadness didn’t last long.

The phone on the nightstand vibrated, so Yvette reached out for it with her left hand. It was a call from Ellen. Ellen invited Yvette out by saying that there would be a gathering held for their college alumni tomorrow

night.

Yvette didn't want to alert Ellen, so she refused the invitation by lying that she didn't feel well.

Yvette hung up the phone. Soon, she received a voice message from Charlie.

Charlie: "I heard from Ellen that you didn't feel well. What is wrong?"

Yvette made up an excuse to fool Charlie.

Then, Charlie sent another voice message.

Charlie: "Take a good rest. I'll treat you to dinner after you recover."

When Yvette intended to reply, the light in the room was on.

The light was so dazzling that Yvette couldn't help but close her eyes.

"Who will you dine with?" Lance stood at the door with one hand in his pocket and looked sullen.

Yvette was stunned and wondered, *when did he* come home?

Lance slowly walked over, stopped by the bed, and said indifferently, "Reject him."

Yvette suspected that she had misheard Lance.

"Let me help you." Lance's voice was magnetic and low.

Yvette was still in shock when Lance took her phone away with his slender and beautiful hand to send a

voice message.

"Wait a minute!" Yvette was a little angry. "Why did you take my phone?"

"You can't refuse him, so I help you," Lance said decisively.

Yvette suppressed her anger and tried to reason with Lance. "He is my college alumnus. He called to express his concern after learning from Ellen that I was sick."

Lance lowered his head. "Don't dine with him."

“I will dine with him.” Yvette quickly shook her head.

Yvette thought, you embraced Yazmin, so *why* should *I listen to you*?

Moreover, *nothing happened between Charlie and me. Why can't I dine with him?*

Lance looked calm, but there was a cold light in his eyes. After **the** tip of his tongue swept across his molars, Lance said, “I dare you to say it again.”

Yvette was speechless.

She was furious **and** thought, **this** man is *unreasonable*.

“Do you know respect? We will divorce soon. You can't interfere with my social life.”

Lance snorted. “Do you want to divorce for **his** sake?”

This question astonished Yvette. She thought, *how dare he question me now! He has a woman in his heart and makes me her substitute.*

This question was so absurd that Yvette wanted to laugh. Yvette didn't want to argue with Lance, so she said, “Believe what you want.”

It is useless to argue with a *man* who doesn't *love you*. Yvette thought.

“So, it is true.” Lance pulled a long face with a sinister light **in** his eyes.

“Lance, we will divorce soon.”

Lance turned pale in the face.

Yvette looked up at Lance and continued, “Never have I complained of the intimacy between Yazmin and you, so don't you think you are petty?”

“You are jealous.” Lance looked at Yvette with an inquiring light in his eyes.

Yvette felt a sharp pain in her heart and thought, *only those beloveds are qualified to be jealous.*

I do not have that qualification.

“I am confused. You flirt **with** other women, so why **can’t** I dine with my friends? Don’t you think you are

domineering?

“Leave me alone. I am not your appendage. I will start a new life after our divorce. You should adapt to the

new situation as soon as possible.”

Speaking, Yvette stood up, took her phone back from Lance, and placed it on the cabinet beside the bed.

Lance looked gloomy, and his handsome face was a little distorted. Yvette thought, *I said nothing wrong.*

After a while, Lance sneered. “I’ll tell you why.”

Before Yvette figured out what Lance meant, she was pressed against the wall beside the bed.

There came a bang behind. Thanks **to** a large male palm on her back, Yvette did not feel much pain.

Lance lifted Yvette’s chin with his beautiful finger, and his voice was hoarse. “Watch carefully.”

Then, Lance lowered his head, bit Yvette on the lips, and kissed her.

Because of the lack of oxygen, Yvette saw nothing but light all of a sudden.

Yvette felt Lance’s burning hot lips in her mouth.

Yvette tried to push Lance away with one hand on his chest, and her heart pounded violently.

However, her strength was like that of a kitten for Lance. Lance might think that Yvette was playing hard to

get.

With lust in his eyes, Lance felt restless.

Lance hadn't touched Yvette for more than half a month, so the little kisses couldn't satisfy him.

